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# The McKinley Memorial
## In Philadelphia

History of the Movement and Account of the Dedication Exercises, including the Oration by the Hon. James M. Beck

The McKinley Memorial,
City Hall Plaza, Philadelphia.

# THE McKINLEY MEMORIAL
## IN PHILADELPHIA

HISTORY OF THE MOVEMENT, AND ACCOUNT OF
THE DEDICATION EXERCISES,

INCLUDING

THE ORATION

BY

THE HON. JAMES M. BECK

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PHILADELPHIA
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# The McKinley Monument

William McKinley, Jr., Twenty-fifth President of the United States, died from a pistol shot by an assassin, September 14, 1901. The news was received in Philadelphia with unusual sorrow, for Mr. McKinley had frequently visited the city where he had many warm freinds, and had, as the champion of the political doctrine with which this city has always been identified, made many public addresses.

Immediately a number of more or less tentative steps were taken to erect some memorial in the city commensurate with the worth and dignity of the man and the office which he held. The Philadelphia *Inquirer* started a subscription for the purpose on the seventeenth, and in a short time collected more than $12,000, which was turned over to a General Committee which included all efforts at a memorial.

This Committee was formed at the City Hall in response to invitations, sent out by Mayor Samuel H. Ashbridge, to attend a meeting on October 17th, in the general reception room of his office. A large number of prominent citizens were present. Mr. John H. Converse was elected chairman and subsequently chairman of the McKinley

Memorial Association which was then and there formed, with the following vice-presidents:

Mr. John A. Clark,
Mr. Leslie W. Miller,
Mr. E. Burgess Warren,
Mr. James Elverson.

The General Committee, in addition to the above-named gentlemen, as finally constituted, was as follows:

Messrs. Justus C. Strawbridge, John Wanamaker, William W. Justice, James M. Beck, Edward H. Coates, Charles J. Cohen, Albert Kelsey, Theodore N. Ely, Thomas S. Harrison, George W. Kendrick, O. LaF. Perry, Mahlon N. Kline, W. W. Foulkrod, Andrew Wheeler, Col. R. B. Beath, Dr. C. B. Dixon, Colonel J. Lewis Good, Colonel Theodore E. Wiedersheim, William R. Tucker, Harry L. Neall, John S. Stevens, F. D. LaLanne, Thomas Martindale, Harold Peirce, Dr. Edward Brooks, Richard Y. Cook, William Wood, Dr. J. L. Shoemaker, Elihu C. Irvin, Percy C. Madeira, George L. Mitchell and Alan H. Reed.

An Executive Committee consisting of the officers and the chairmen of the working committees was appointed and in addition the secretaries to these various committees were empowered to meet with the Executive Committee.

Mr. Leslie W. Miller was elected secretary of the General and Executive Committees and Mr. George C. Thomas, treasurer. The subscriptions were deposited with Drexel & Company, which allowed a liberal interest, sufficient in the end to pay the expenses of the Committee,

so that all of the actual money contributed was expended for the monument.

The following chairmen of committees were appointed at a meeting of the Executive Committee, the chairmen selecting their fellow-members.

*Finance*, Mr. Justus C. Strawbridge.
*Organizations*, General Louis Wagner.
*Publicity*, Mr. James Elverson.
*Location*, William W. Justice.
*Design*, Mr. Leslie W. Miller.

The last-mentioned committee, which had in charge the construction and erection of the monument, had as additional members Dr. James MacAlister, Mr. Edward H. Coates, Prof. Warren P. Laird, Mr. Charles M. Burns and Mr. Charles J. Cohen, secretary,

A number of newspaper men were appointed on the Committee on Publicity. These were Dr. Alfred C. Lambdin, Mr. William McLean, Mr. Riter Fitzgerald, Mr. John L. McKenna, Dr. Talcott Williams, Colonel James Elverson, Jr., and Mr. Joseph M. Rogers, secretary.

These committees went to work at once and meetings of the Executive Committee were held weekly in the Mayor's office. The total contributions were in excess of $32,000 and the contributors were numbered by thousands, with sums running all the way from a cent to a thousand dollars. The selection of a site was one of a good deal of complexity and it was finally determined to ask permission of Councils to place the Memorial in its present location on

the south front of the City Hall with the expectation of finally placing it along the Parkway when completed. Councils passed an ordinance to this effect.

The selection of a design proved the most tedious and complicated matter that came before the Committee. Several plans of procedure which were under contemplation were blocked by various considerations of professional etiquette and regulations.

Eventually a public competition was held, and thirty-eight models were forwarded and placed on exhibition in the Export Exposition Building in West Philadelphia.

A jury of award selected from without the membership of the Committee was chosen, with power to make five selections of the best models, which were to be awarded $500 each. This jury was composed of J. Q. A. Ward, the dean of American sculptors, chairman; Charles E. Dana, Theophilus P. Chandler, Karl Bitter and Frank Miles Day, all architects, artists or sculptors of the highest reputation.

They reported to the General Committee, which accepted their verdict, and the first award was made to Charles Albert Lopez, sculptor, and Albert H. Ross, architect, who bid together. The design was altered subsequently under the direction of the Committee on Design, acting under instructions of the General Committee. Mr. Lopez died before completing his work of modeling the sculpture and the work was admirably carried out by a successor, Mr. Isidore Konti, named by his executors and approved by the Committee on Design.

Although about five years elapsed between the awarding of the contract and the completion of the statue, and its dedication June 6, 1908, this is considered rapid work under the circumstances. Similar work has elsewhere taken ten or fifteen years.

The sculptor was obliged to proceed carefully with his work, and he succeeded, in the opinion of the Committee, in creating a monument which is one of the most artistic structures of the kind in the country. It is always more or less difficult to make of a portrait statue a satisfactory public monument. The frock coat of the American statesman seldom lends itself to picturesque treatment, but it is felt that in this instance the subject has been handled with rare discrimination. The statue of the dead President has been approved by many of his warmest friends. It shows him in characteristic attitude when making a public address, and literally millions have heard him speak. The pose is dignified and the expression on the face portrays that singular combination of dignity, serenity and forcefulness which characterized McKinley the statesman.

Below the statue sits a symbolic figure of Wisdom instructing Youth, a group which is most effective in and of itself and which has been happily combined with the statue above to make an effective and dignified monument. It takes away the stiffness of the single figure, adds womanly beauty and childish innocence and results in a composition which is singularly pleasing to the untutored as well as to the learned student of art.

The statue will doubtless remain in its present position

for some years. Eventually it is hoped to place it along the line of the Parkway when possibly the present monument will be erected on a higher base, for which purpose there is a small sum remaining in the treasury of the Committee.

The dedication of the monument took place Saturday afternoon, June 6, 1908. A portion of the exercises were held in front of the monument and the remainder in the Academy of Music.

Before the formal exercises a luncheon was tendered the General Committee and distinguished guests in the banquet hall of the Union League at noon. President John H. Converse and Secretary Leslie W. Miller acted as hosts. The hall was beautifully decorated for the occasion and each guest wore a pink carnation, President McKinley's favorite flower.

A list of the guests present at the luncheon follows:

Dr. A. C. Abbott,
Ernest F. Acheson,
James L. Allan,
Major William J. Ashenfelter,
William N. Ashman,
Charles Y. Audenried,
Andrew J. Barchfield,
Charles F. Barclay,
Ensign William S Barger, U.S.N.,
Thomas W. Barlow,
Norris S. Barratt,
Dudley Bartlett,
Arthur L. Bates,
James C. Baxter, Jr.,
J. G. Beale,
J. Augustus Beck,
James M. Beck,
Col. R. B. Beath,
James A. Beaver,
Dimner Beeber,
W. R. Benson,
H. H. Bingham,
Hugh Black,
Rudolph Blankenburg,
C. L. Borie, Jr.,
Rev. C. M. Boswell,
Rev. Linn Bowman,
Gen. Wendell P. Bowman,
John S. Boyd,
Captain Breuer, of the German cruiser "Bremen," and two of his staff;

Caspar W. Briggs,
R. R. Bringhurst,
J. Davis Brodhead,
Dr. Edward Brooks,
William H. Brooks,
J. Hay Brown,
Frank Shunk Brown,
Charles N. Brumm,
Charels W. Buckley,
George B. Bunn,
James F. Burk,
George Burnham,
James Butterworth,
William W. Carr,
John G. Carruth,
H. Burd Cassel,
T. P. Chandler,
Edwin Clark,
John A. Clark,
Henry Clay,
Isaac H. Clothier,
Edward H. Coates,
Charles J. Cohen,
Consul Dominican Republic,
John H. Converse,
Joel Cook,
Allen F. Cooper,
Colonel James B. Coryell,
Joseph R. Craig,
Theodore W. Cramp,
John K. Cuming,
T. DeWitt Cuyler,
Morris Dallett,
Rev. T. William Davidson,
Rev. J. R. Davies,
Charles G. Davis,
Major Howard A. Davis,
Dr. R. H. Davis,
Walter C. Delks,
Captain Robert G. Denig, U.S.N.,
C. B. Dixon, D.D.S.,
Thomas Dolan,
J. Wesley Durham,
Major John A. Duval,
George H. Earle, Jr.,
Alfred S. Eisenhower,
John P. Elkin,
William T. Elliotts,
Rudulph Ellis,
James Elverson,
James Elverson, Jr.,
Theo. N. Ely,
William C. Felton,
D. Newlin Fell,
William C. Ferguson,
Benjamin K. Focht,
W. W. Foulkrod,
Henry K. Fox,
John W. Frazer,
Howard B. French,
Allan J. Fuller,
Louis M. Garson,
James H. Gay,
Major J. Campbell Gilmore,
Major E. Claude Goddard,
Col. J. L. Good,
John C. Grady,
William H. Graham,
C. A. Green,
John Gribbel,
Paul Hagemans,
Werner Hagen,
Casper W. Haines,
Major Harry Alvan Hall, U.S.V.,
W. Hamer,
William Harper,
William F. Harrity,
Herman Hassenbruch,

Col. Samuel Hastings, New York;
James H. Hazlett,
John J. Henderson,
W. Barklie Henry,
Charles H. Heustis,
William P. Henszey,
A. G. Hetherington,
D. Hexamer,
Captain Ambrose Higgins, U.S.N.,
George H. Hill,
Captain Henry A. F. Hoyt, U.S.V.,
George F. Huff,
Thomas J. Hunt,
Dr. Wyllys K. Ingersoll,
C. E. Irvin,
Rev. George W. Izer,
James S. Jefferson,
J. Jeffries,
Alba B. Johnson,
John G. Johnson,
J. Levering Jones
Arnold Katz,
Sidney W. Keith,
N. B. Kelly,
Albert Kelsey,
George W. Kendrick, Jr.,
Jerome Kidder,
George W. Kinn,
John L. Kinsey,
John J. Kirk,
Joseph Klemmer,
Isidore Konti,
Lieut.-Col. August P. Kunzig,
Daniel F. Lafean,
Prof. W. P. Laird,
Alfred C. Lambdin, M.D.,
F. D. LaLanne,
William H. Lambert,
J. Tatnall Lee
John T. Lenahan,
John B. Lober,
John M. Lukens,
Rinaldo A. Lukens,
James MacAlister, LL.D.,
Ensign Hugh MacPherson, U.S.N.,
George McCurdy,
J. Franklin McFadden,
John H. McFadden,
John G. McHenry,
John J. McKenna,
James F. McLaughlin,
William L. McLean,
Charles B. McMichael,
Captain Charles M. Macbold,
U.S.V.,
Rt. Rev. Alex. Mackay-Smith, D.D.,
Edward W. Magill,
P. C. Madeira,
Captain Thomas S. Martin,
John Mason,
S. Edwin Megargee,
Leslie W. Miller,
Rev. J. R. Miller, D.D.,
I. Hazleton Mirkil,
George L. Mitchell,
Howard E. Mitchell,
James E. Mitchell,
James T. Mitchell,
Charles E. Morgan,
George P. Morgan,
Effingham B. Morris,
John T. Morris,
Major Frank L. Mueller,
Lieutenant John S. Muckle,
U.S.N.,
Reuben O. Moon,
Dr. Robert C. Moon,
Alfred Moore,

J. H. Moore,
Joseph Moore,
Gustav Navarrette,
H. L. Neall,
Horace C. Newcomb,
T. D. Nicholls,
W. R. Nicholson,
Gustav Niederlein,
Major Henry Nuss, Jr.,
Rev. J. F. Ohl,
Marlin E. Olmsted,
Dr. Elias Martinez Oramus,
Spencer O. M. Ovington,
Haig Herant Pakradeoni,
C. Stuart Patterson,
James W. Paul, Jr.,
Admiral Pendleton,
L. M. Pearson,
Harold Peirce,
E. Eldridge Pennock,
George Wharton Pepper,
John W. Pepper,
William Perrine,
O. LaF. Perry,
Rev. J. B. Gough Pidge,
James Pollock,
William D. Porter,
William Potter,
William P. Potter,
Wilfred Powell,
Eli Kirk Price,
G. C. Purves,
John R. Read,
John N. Reber,
Alan H. Reed,
F. B. Reeves,
John E. Reyburn,
John M. Reynolds,
E. Clinton Rhoads,
Rev. W. C. Richardson, S.T.D.,
D. Stuart Robinson,
Joseph M. Rogers,
Albert R. Ross,
John H. Rothermel,
Levi L. Rue,
Rt. Rev. P. J. Ryan, D.D.,
Manuel Terres Y. Sagaseta,
Antonio Sans,
Wilfred H. Schoff,
George J. Schwentz,
Theodore C. Search,
Edgar V. Seeler,
Dr. John L. Shoemaker,
A. Louden Snowden,
William C. Sproul,
William H. Staake,
George E. Stearns,
Joseph A. Steinmetz,
Adam A. Stull,
John S. Stevens,
John Stewart,
E. T. Stotesbury,
Mayer Sulzberger,
I. J. Taylor,
Roland L. Taylor,
Pol. Le Tellier,
Theodore de Thodorovich,
Dr. N. Wiley Thomas,
Rev. Floyd W. Tomkins, S.T.D.,
Samuel Gustine Thompson,
Rev. William Tracy,
William R. Tucker,
Colonel Hamilton D. Turner,
Captain W. Preston Tyler,
Gen. Louis Wagner,
Dr. J. B. Walker,
Rev. J. G. Walker, D.D.,
J. N. Wallem,

John M. Walton,
John Wanamaker,
Rodman Wanamaker,
Irving P. Wanger,
E. B. Warren,
George S. Webster,
Albert E. Weimer,
Andrew Wheeler,
N. C. Wheeler,
P. A. B. Widener,
Col. Theo. E. Wiedersheim,
Lieut.-Col. Albert L. Williams,
William B. Wilson,
William P. Wilson,
Robert N. Wilson,
Robert J. Wissmore,
Jones Wister,
Rev. Edward S. Wolle,
William Wood,
Major Charles H. Worman,
A. Viti,
Jesse T. Vogdes,
Harry I. Yohn,

Immediately after luncheon, the Committee and guests marched to the temporary platform erected east of the monument where the opening exercises were held.

In the plaza on the south front of the City Hall were stationed the military organizations and many thousands of spectators, the latter extending south on Broad Street to the Academy of Music.

The military parade was in charge of General Wendell P. Bowman, N. G. P., and was composed of the following organizations:

The City Troop, in full-dress uniform, in command of Captain Groome.

Detachment of six hundred marines and blue-jackets from the Navy Yard under command of Lieutenant-Commander Kittell and Lieutenant-Commander Logan.

Delegations from all the G. A. R. Posts in this city and vicinity. More than six hundred of the old veterans had announced that they would parade in honor of their dead comrade, under the command of Joseph R. Craig, as marshal.

JOHN H. CONVERSE, ESQ.,
Chairman of the Citizens' Committee.

The Spanish War veterans also paraded, but not by special organizations.

The National Guard was represented by a provisional regiment of a battalion from each of the four city regiments under command of Colonel James B. Coryell, of the Sixth Regiment, who was chief of staff to General Bowman.

The military preparations were in charge of Joseph A. Steinmetz on behalf of the General Committee.

The troops were massed on South Penn Square, in the order named, with the City Troop in front of the monument, the other organizations extending westward.

The exercises on the plaza were opened by an address from President John H. Converse as follows:

"Philadelphia Citizens: Seven years ago, in honor of the memory of President McKinley, an association was formed for the purpose of commemorating his virtues and abilities in lasting bronze. It has taken years to complete this work; to-day we rejoice that it is completed. The unveiling and presentation should be done by one who, himself, is a veteran of the Civil War, in which our lamented President McKinley also participated, and I present General Wagner, who will supervise the unveiling of the statue and presentation of it to the City of Philadelphia —General Wagner."

General Wagner replied in part:

"Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen, and Comrades: By direction of the Chairman of the McKinley

Memorial Association, Mr. Converse, I take charge of the ceremonies at this point and at this place. It would be a presumption and an impertinence on my part, in view of the exercises, which will commence at the Academy of Music, when we are dismissed at this place, to more than refer to the memory of the man, which brings us together, at this time and in this place. As the Chairman has suggested, seven years ago nearly, we were startled by the news that President McKinley had been shot and passed from this to a better world, but he has left with us and for us and our children and children's children a memory that will make those that follow us better citizens than they would otherwise be.

"In connection with this ceremony of unveiling there have been selected,—(1) member of the United States Volunteer Navy, Lieutenant William G. McEwan, who lost his right arm in the battle of Mobile Bay, while fighting under Admiral Farragut; and (2) another representing the soldiers of the war, Sergeant William R. Ramsey, of the One Hundred and Fiftieth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers, who, in the battle of the Wilderness, lost his left leg. These comrades will have immediate charge of the unveiling of the memorial to President McKinley, and when this is ended we will go to the Academy of Music, where one of the orators of the day, will tell us all about this—Hon. James M. Beck."

The two veterans, at a word from General Wagner, tugged at the ropes, and the flags, covering the statue,

Hon. John E. Reyburn,
Mayor of Philadelphia.

swung back, revealing the monument. The band struck up "The Star Spangled Banner."

General Wagner then asked Mayor Reyburn to accept the gift of the McKinley Memorial Association, as follows:

"Mayor Reyburn, in the name of and representing The McKinley Memorial Association I am instructed to present to you, as head of the City of Philadelphia, this memorial, in honor of William McKinley, and we ask that you, as the representative of the City of Philadelphia, will accept it in her behalf."

The Mayor replied as follows:

"General Wagner and Citizens of Philadelphia: I receive this monument with a true regard of its importance not only to the City of Philadelphia, but to the whole United States. Two men in our country, Abraham Lincoln and William McKinley, are representative of the true Americans who have studied the institutions of this country and have had experience in the administration of the law; and who represent, if ever two men did so, our form of government in the best and highest sense. Therefore, as a citizen of Philadelphia and as its Chief Magistrate, I receive this monument, and pledge that the City of Philadelphia and its citizens will always regard it with veneration and respect, and care for and guard it to the fullest extent."

At the conclusion of these ceremonies the Committee and its guests marched to the Academy of Music at Broad and Locust Streets, escorted by the military.

At the Academy of Music the Committee and distinguished guests occupied seats either on the stage or in the boxes, the members of the G. A. R. the entire parquet, and the other military and naval organizations and general public filled the main body of seats. Mr. Converse presided during the following program:

Military Music—"*American Overture*"...*Catlin*
Invocation .....*By the Rev. S. M. Vernon, D.D.*
Chorus—"*Absence*".....*J. L. Hatton*
Address .....*By the Hon. James M. Beck**
Hymn—"*Lead, Kindly Light*"
Military Music—"*Star-Spangled Banner*"

A semi-chorus from the Orpheus Club sang the vocal numbers and the military music was furnished by the Municipal Band.

At the close of this program "Taps" were sounded by the bugles and the audience was dismissed.

* Mr. Beck's address is printed in full in the following pages.

Hon. James M. Beck,
Orator at the Dedication Exercises.

# THE MEMORY OF McKINLEY.

An Oration, Delivered at the Academy of Music in the City of Philadelphia, at the Dedication of the McKinley Memorial on June 6, 1908. by James M. Beck, formerly Assistant Attorney General of the United States.

My Fellow Citizens:

We have met to-day to dedicate a noble monument to the noble memory of a very noble man. Were this work of our hands composed of perishable stuff, which the rains of a few summers would speedily dissolve, we would need no other justification than to say, as Ben Johnson did of Shakespeare:

"I loved the man and do honor his memory."

We have, however, wrought in imperishable granite and bronze, and therefore for the after-ages. To them we must appeal for justification of this day's work. The sculptor of this statue, whose untimely death gives added pathos to the occasion, has happily expressed the true purpose of memorial art in the figures upon the pedestal, which represent the muse of history teaching the children of the future. If a statue be not commemorative in character, it needs no

other justification than its own intrinsic beauty, for "a thing of beauty is a joy forever." But even beauty must not be perverted in the attempt to make that permanent which is transitory or to dignify the trivial with lasting honor. The Greeks had so fine a sense of the ethics of memorial art that they condemned Phidias to prison for sacrilege, because he had furtively chiseled images of himself and Pericles upon the shield of Minerva.

If we have builded wisely, then this statue and the fame of the great statesman, whom it commemorates, alike justly challenge oblivion. It seeks to project the beliefs and emotions of this generation beyond the gulf of years into that unknown and illimitable future, down whose infinite vista we strain an eager but darkened vision. It proudly asserts our belief to the coming ages that while we, who have this day erected it, will soon "fade like streaks of morning cloud into the infinite azure of the past," yet the memory of William McKinley will not be as fleeting as a cloudy vapor, but will shine as a fixed star, by whose benignant rays unborn generations of men will be guided.

Such appeal of the living to the unborn is either an act of sublime justice or presumptuous folly. If the latter, its worse vice is that it flatters and therefore shames the dead.

As the collective power of civilization waxes the individual wanes, and it becomes increasingly hazardous to place any man among the Immortals, before whom the generations of men ceaselessly file with their unending salutation: "Morituri, salutamus!" Walking once in the

vaulted aisles of Westminster Abbey, I turned into a side chapel, where a score of kings and queens lay in the all-levelling promiscuity of death. The verger told me of Dean Stanley's long search to find even the grave of one of these monarchs who had been crowned in the twlight light of the old Abbey with so much pomp and circumstance. Well may its eternal shadows remind us of Edmund Burke's sad exclamation to the electors of Bristol:

"What shadows we are and what shadows we pursue."

And yet there are men of such heroic mould as to be comparatively untouched by that stream of time, which washes away the more dissoluble substance of other reputations.

If nobility of character alone sufficed to justify this labor of love, we need have no misgivings. Integrity of purpose, purity of mind, unselfishness in spirit, compassionate sympathy, heroic fortitude, and knightly chivalry were so finely blended in William McKinley that one could say of him, as Antony of Brutus:

"His life was gentle, and the elements
So mixed in him that Nature might stand up
And say to all the world, 'This was a man.'"

Immortality, however, demands different—I will not say higher—credentials. The permanent influence of any great man or institution must depend upon some vital message or service to humanity of continuing, exceptional and beneficent potency. A great man pre-supposes a great work, a great work a great force, and a great force a great

idea. In the true Immortal—when seen by sympathetic imagination—can always be found some great mission, closely interwoven with the "increasing purpose" of the ages, of which even he may have been in part unconscious. The master-builders of States always build better than they know, and the reason for this to the eye of faith is that they are simply artisans, who place stone upon stone as commanded by the great Architect.

To Washington, Jefferson, Lincoln and McKinley came mandates of pregnant consequence. To each the message came without his knowledge, purpose or volition.

To Washington came the mission of national independence. He had denounced in 1774 as "malevolent falsehoods" the assertion "that there is any intention in the American colonies to set up for independent States." Two years later he wrote: "When I took command of the army I abhorred the idea of independence; now I am convinced nothing else will save us."

To Jefferson came the great mandate of continental expansion. He sought to buy the port of New Orleans, and he unwittingly purchased the half of a continent.

To Lincoln came the divine mandate for the emancipation of the slave. He, too, in his first inaugural, had solemnly said to his brethren of the South:

> "I have no purpose, directly or indirectly, to interfere with the institution of slavery in the States where it exists. I believe I have no lawful right to do so and I have no inclination to do so."

Less than two years later he emancipated the slaves.

To McKinley also, in the fullness of time, came a mandate which, in pregnant consequence, can be but little undervalued to those momentous events which preceded it, and which with it seem to form continuous links in the chain of the divine plan.

Without any conscious purpose or volition either on his part or that of the American people, the great Republic abandoned its outworn policy of continental isolation and assumed its place in the councils of civilization as a world power of commanding importance and corresponding responsibility.

Great historic events must be seen in their due perspective of time and result. As the man who stands upon the steps of the Cologne Cathedral cannot grasp the majestic beauty of its towering Gothic spires, so to us of McKinley's generation is denied that larger vision of what he accomplished which our children and children's children will one day have. When Cæsar's legions left the Eternal City and disappeared in the forests of Gaul, probably neither the Senate nor the people felt more than a languid interest. Yet the advance of Cæsar's legions was the advance of civilization, and when four centuries later the Germanic tribes invaded Italy, it was but to spread that civilization to Ultima Thule. As Mommsen, the great historian of the Roman Empire, says:

> "Centuries elapsed before men understood that Alexander had not merely erected an ephemeral kingdom in the East, but had carried Hellenism to Asia; centuries again elapsed before men understood that Cæsar had not merely conquered

> a new province for the Romans, but had laid the foundation for the Romanizing of the West."

Centuries will probably elapse before the world fully realizes that, when the flag of this country was planted at the very gateway of China, that the star of civilization, which had moved westward for so many centuries, had at last completed the circuit of the globe, and stood again over the very cradle of humanity. The thunder of Dewey's cannon in Manila Bay will have many reverberating echoes in the long centuries to come.

On the night of the explosion of the *Maine*, and quite ignorant of that fateful occurrence, I spoke in the City of New York. Discussing the constitutional powers of the Executive, I said:

> "The President of the United States with a stroke of his pen could shake the equilibrium of the world."

Before the summer was past, time had verified my statement. One world empire had ended, another had begun.

Let it never be forgotten that this war was begun with no selfish purpose on our part nor with any stain upon our flag. The Republic sprang to arms, not because it loved peace less, but because it loved justice more. No lust of military glory or territorial aggrandizement actuated our intervention in Cuba. For many years the conscience of the American people had been affronted by the misrule of that "isle of sorrows," and, as it lay at our very gates, its misfortunes were also ours. Yet the American

people, until patience ceased to be a virtue, sympathized with the efforts of Grant, Cleveland, Harrison and McKinley to preserve inviolate our traditional policy of non-intervention in the domestic affairs of another nation, even though both our interests and sympathies were vitally affected. The barbarities of Weyler, the insulting reference to President McKinley by the Spanish Minister, and the explosion of the *Maine* in the harbor of Havana when on a mission of peace, only precipitated the inevitable. Even then the pacific McKinley hoped for a peaceful termination of an intolerable condition through the good offices of this Government. When he gave his final instructions to General Stewart L. Woodford, whom he had appointed Minister to Spain, his parting words were:

> "I know that Spanish rule in Cuba must cease. But I want you to secure the ultimate withdrawal of Spanish authority from Cuba by peaceful means. This ought to be possible. I want you to do all in your power to secure this result. War is so dreadful an alternative that we must keep peace, if peace be possible. I rely upon you to accomplish this result, and I shall do all I can to help you."

He could not, however, do the impossible. The blood of the slain in Cuba cried out as from the very ground, and our pacific purpose finally gave place to the passionate indignation of freemen. We took a high resolve in the spirit of our fathers to stop this barbarity forever. Though dead, John Brown yet spoke, and to the relief of the unhappy people of Cuba his soul marched on at the head of our battalions.

Within a hundred days the war was over, and Manila, El Caney and Santiago were added to the historic triumphs of American arms.

Dewey's victory—not unworthy of a land which gave Paul Jones, Bainbridge, Decatur, Porter and Farragut to history—confronted the American people with a responsibility more momentous and pregnant with future consequences than ever weighed upon our Nation since its beginning, with the exception of the period of the Civil War. To this crisis the words which Jefferson wrote to Monroe at the time of the promulgation of the Monroe Doctrine seem applicable.

> "The question is the most momentous since that of independence; that made us a nation, this sets our compass and points the course which we are to steer through the Ocean of Time opening on us."

To return these islands of the sea to Spain was to disavow the justice of the war; to abandon them to other powers was unthinkable and might simply have invited further bloodshed. And yet to annex them to our country as permanent possessions was to cross a Rubicon which might well give us pause.

After patient deliberation, this alternative seemed inevitable: Either we must govern them as colonial dependencies or permit them to make the experiment of full self government. We tried the former alternative in the Philippines and the latter in Cuba. It was the latter which failed. The result of the Cuban experiment should now

convince anyone that our course in the Philippines was dictated by the sincerest regard for their good. No one can say with truth that the Philippine people, composed of many tribes, speaking many different languages and varying in degrees of civilization from the wildest savage to civilized men, was better capable of self-government than Cuba, whose people was reasonably homogeneous and who exceeded in average capacity the Philippine people. When, therefore, after reforming Cuba, we allowed their people themselves to govern it under a constitution which they had formed, and by officials which they elected, there was a speedy and most convincing demonstration that a people who for centuries had not been accustomed to self-government could not in a moment, without previous education or training, establish a stable government.

The justification of our insular policy lies in the fact that we brought to the peoples of these islands freedom from misrule, invested them with the fundamental personal rights of American citizens, created for them a stable and efficient government, gave them the fullest measure of self-rule of which they were capable, and immeasurably benefited them by wise administrative relief. In Cuba, as in the Philippines, we fed the starving, clothed the naked, subdued the lawless, cleaned the streets, extirpated disease, opened hospitals and schools, made the courts of justice free and impartial, expanded commerce, and, if it be objected that freedom with poverty, disease and crime is better than these blessings, we reply that, not only has every Filipino been given every fundamental personal right

of an American citizen, but that his country now enjoys a larger measure of self-government than many of the territories of the United States in its past history.

But in the insular problem lay the germ of a momentous policy with which McKinley's name will forever be honorably identified. Upon him devolved the grave responsibility of determining whether the Western Hemisphere was large enough for the influence and progress of the American people, or whether we should abandon commercially and politically our policy of western isolation and claim an influence which should be as limitless as the world is round. The Atlantic Coast was our cradle, lusty youth found us on the banks of the Mississippi, vigorous maturity had brought us to the Pacific. Were we, like Alexander, to stop at the margin of the Pacific and mourn that it forever barred our further progress, or were we, like the inspired pilot of Genoa, to launch the bark of our national destiny into an unknown sea?

There is a natural conservatism in our race, and a distrust and dread of innovation. It has ever been slow to leave the beaten paths of the fathers. Nor need this be deprecated, for it ensures a reasonable continuity of policy. Yet the great actors of the revolutionary epic had their traditions, and were also forced by the inexorable logic of events to disregard all.

The same was true of those fateful years that ended the Nineteenth Century. Once again the Nation felt a mysterious and puissant impulse. The Monroe Doctrine circumscribed our political influence within the Western

Hemisphere. Under William McKinley, this policy of isolation was forever abandoned.

Least of any nation, should America question the "increasing purpose" of the ages, and William McKinley, in facing those "new occasions" which taught "new duties," simply appreciated that steam and electricity had destroyed our "distant and detached position," of which Washington spoke in the immortal farewell address, and upon which he wisely predicated in and for the infancy of the Republic a policy of isolation. We had grown to be a nation of seventy-five millions of people, inhabiting a continent from ocean to ocean, midway between the Orient and the Occident, and with a manifest destiny, to which all the past in our history was but a glorious prologue. With his profound sympathy, President McKinley knew that he could as hopefully have bidden the Mississippi cease its flow toward the sea, or the Hudson to remain chained within its sylvan sources, as to prevent the onward movement of this great, proud, generous and progressive people. This was true of the day of our weakness, and it was doubly true of the day of our strength.

While we cannot raise the veil of the future, yet we can proudly claim that the immediate results of McKinley's policy of expansion have been for the good of the Republic and the greater good of civilization. With greater truth than the third Napoleon we can say: "The Republic is peace." Never was its power greater, its influence more peaceful, or its honor more unsullied. It has become the great arbitrator of nations. Its diplomacy has been that

of transparent candor, and to it, in the last decade, the world has looked for a just solution of many intricate problems. When Pekin was in a state of revolution, while the soldiers of the Republic marched shoulder to shoulder with the soldiers of England, Germany, Russia and Japan, to the relief of the beleaguered legations, it was America which took the tolerant position that technically no state of war existed with China, and thus to some extent spared the ancient Empire both the humiliation and the burden of being a conquered nation. The war was treated only as the suppression of an internal rebellion. When China was threatened with dismemberment, it was to President McKinley that it turned for protection and through him its integrity was largely preserved. It was our country which softened the terms of peace, returned the unused portion of its indemnity and secured the policy of the "open door." When the Russo-Japanese War again threatened to involve the integrity of Chinese territory, it was to President Roosevelt that Kaiser Wilhelm turned to enlist his good offices to secure a restriction of the field of operations. It was again our country which brought Japan and Russia, after a bloody war, into friendly conference and secured the Treaty of Portsmouth. The Hague Conference may owe its initiative to the Czar, but it owes its continuance and beneficent results in large part to the American policy as formulated by McKinley and carried forward by Theodore Roosevelt.

I have dwelt at some length upon this policy of expansion, as for it William McKinley will be longest and

most gratefully remembered. This was the great idea which gives lasting significance to his career, and ranks him with Washington, Jefferson and Lincoln.

Behind Washington was the idea of independent America; behind Jefferson, that of continental America; behind Lincoln, that of united America; behind McKinley, that of cosmopolitan America.

What were McKinley's qualifications for the great work he undertook and accomplished?

His intellectual abilities were not extraordinary. In these he was little more than the average man; but—did we but know it—the world owes more to the average man than to those of exceptional genius. During his useful career as a legislator he was chiefly and almost exclusively known for his advocacy of a high tariff, in which school of economic thought he had gained his inspiration from that great Philadelphia representative and conspicuous advocate of Protection, William D. Kelley, and yet McKinley gave us by his patient study an administrative fiscal bill, which is still on the statute books and whose constructive wisdom no party or statesman has since questioned.

He had a keen appreciation of the great responsibility of a leader of thought for what he says and does. What he knew he knew well; but he never sought to "box the compass" of human knowledge. He never pretended to have a remedy for every ill, an answer to every question, and "words, words, words" for every occasion.

It could not be said of him, as Sydney Smith said of Lord John Russell, that

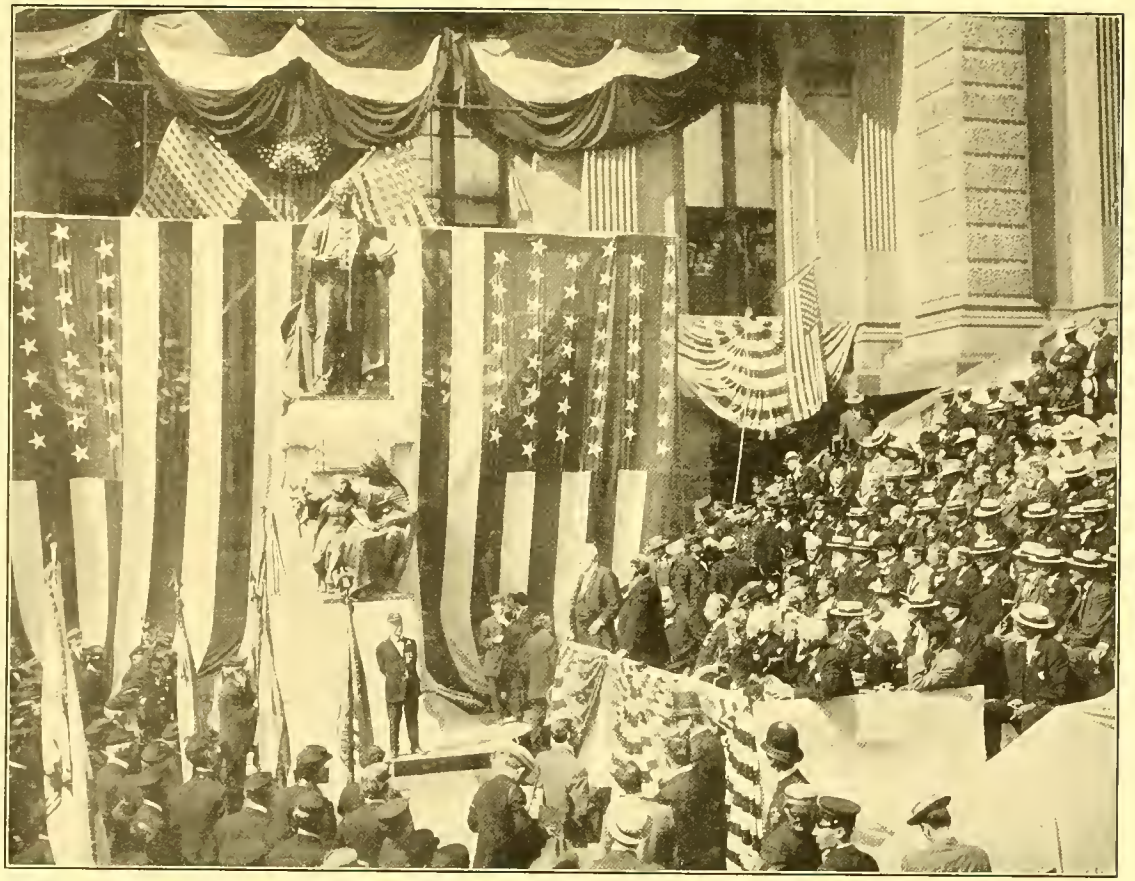
> "there is nothing he would not undertake. I believe he would perform an operation for stone, build St. Peter's, assume (with or without ten minutes' notice) the command of the Channel Fleet, and no one would discover from his manner that the patient had died, that St. Peter's had tumbled down, and that the Channel Fleet had been knocked to atoms."

McKinley did not seek to change in a day conditions which required decades for their due and orderly adjustment. He was not unmindful of the serious evils, to which our rapid expansion had given rise. He gave them serious thought and conservative action. As Mr. Cortelyou has recently said:

> "But to deal with them effectively without shattering the interwoven and delicate fabric of the forces that were co-operating for the welfare of the country—that was the question."

He was a conservative, not a radical; an evolutionist, not a revolutionist; a creator, not a destroyer. A great leader of a party, he became by a "gentle persistency," worthy of Lincoln, a greater leader of the whole people, but his complete mastery of men and events never lessened the self-effacing modesty of his nature.

He had neither the austere mastery of men of Washington, the constructive genius of Hamilton, the philosophic breadth of Jefferson, the brilliant magnetism of Clay, nor the profound reasoning of Webster. His nearest



Unveiling the McKinley Memorial,
June 6, 1908.

analogue is Lincoln. Like Lincoln, he had the genius of common sense, that instinctive sense of and regard for the just relation of things to each other; like Lincoln, he had profound sympathy with the inmost thoughts, the deepest feelings, the loftiest aspirations of the American people; like Lincoln, he had the gift of grasping the fundamental principles underlying a controversy and interpreting them to the masses in convincing phrases. Above all, like Lincoln, he had that greatest of all dynamic powers, a great, loving, sympathetic heart. Of each it could be written in the inspired words of the great Apostle:

> "Love suffereth long and is kind; love envieth not; love vaunteth not itself; is not puffed up.
>
> Doth not behave unseemly; seeketh not her own; is not easily provoked; thinketh no evil.
>
> Beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things."

Such was Abraham Lincoln! Such was William McKinley!

His very sympathy subjected him to the unjust charge that he was a vacillating opportunist. Such critics mistook cautious deliberation, tactful sympathy, courteous toleration of the views of others, practical recognition of the inevitable limitations of political power, with a timorous spirit. He was not an egotist and recognized the necessity and therefore the duty of concession to the views of others in a democratic commonwealth.

Indeed, his whole career showed that under his gentle demeanor and considerate courtesy and unfailing tolerance,

there lay an iron will which was as a stone wall covered with flowers.

On the eve of the Spanish-American War, a committee of the Board of Trade of an Ohio city came to the White House to urge him, as citizens of his own State, to declare war. It happened that Captain Sigsbee, of the *Maine*, was in the Executive Room when the committee was ushered in, and, after the delegation had stated its purpose, the President excused himself for a moment, turned to Captain Sigsbee and, clasping his hand, said in a voice sufficiently loud for the bellicose Ohio delegation to hear him:

> "Captain Sigsbee, you never did a finer thing for the honor of your country than when, after the explosion of the *Maine*, you requested your fellow-countrymen to suspend judgment."

The delegation took the gentle hint and departed wiser if sobered men.

His faithful private secretary, than whom none in public life possibly understood him better, has recently given an instance of his firmness and deliberation when essentials were at stake. When not only his own party in Congress, but a great majority of the American people were clamoring for an immediate declaration of war with Spain, the President, at the risk of his own popularity, stood like a stone wall against that course. When, however, further opposition was fruitless he prepared a message to be sent to Congress recommending intervention in the affairs of Cuba. He believed that when the message was made public the life

of every American on the island would be imperiled. To quote Mr. Cortelyou:

> "The President was sitting with his Cabinet, and when prominent Senators and Representatives and some of those present were urging him to send in his message at once, they declared that any further delay might mean political destruction for his administration and party. Mr. McKinley sent for me to bring the message to him. I laid it on the table before him. Just then there came an army cablegram from Fitzhugh Lee (our consul at Havana), saying that it would be dangerous to act until he sent further word. But at that moment a number of those in the room again pressed the President to send his message before Congress immediately. Mr. McKinley could hardly have been under greater pressure. He caught the string to the bell, but suddenly he caught his hand, raised it and brought his fist down on the table with a bang, as he said, in a clear voice, 'That message is not going to Congress so long as there is a single remaining life in danger in Cuba. Here,' turning to me, 'put that in the safe until I call for it.'"

His unfailing courtesy to those who not only differed with him, but bitterly assailed his policy, may be illustrated by two incidents.

His insular policy had no more sincere or unsparing critic than the late Senator Hoar. In the latter's memoirs we learn that the President, after these bitter attacks, invited the Massachusetts Senator to the White House. The Senator thus describes the interview:

> "He greeted me with the delightful and affectionate cordiality which I always found in him. He took me by the hand and said: 'How are you feeling this winter, Mr. Senator?' I

was determined there should be no misunderstanding. I replied at once: 'Pretty pugnacious, I confess, Mr. President.' The tears came into his eyes and he said, grasping my hand again: 'I shall always love you, whatever you do.'"

The other incident was told me by a member of his Cabinet and an eye-witness. On one occasion one of his Cabinet asked the President to remove summarily a subordinate because of a public statement which reflected upon his departmental superior. The reflection was more thoughtless than intentional. McKinley took the printed statement and carefully examined it, and, knowing circumstances of palliation, of which the Secretary was ignorant, turned to the Secretary and said, "If this is a reflection on you, Mr. Secretary, it is equally one on me as President of the United States," and the Secretary promptly said, "It is an insult to you and that is a double reason why he should be instantly removed. If you so regard it, will you not remove him, Mr. President?" And the President, quietly putting the paper in his pocket, said, "Well, if upon further consideration I regard this as a reflection upon me, I think I shall forgive him."

Who can forget his courteous expression of regret after he was shot, that this tragic event should mar the festal occasion at which it happened? His tenderness for his invalid wife was but the perfect flower of his knightly courtesy to all. Even to his base assassin he had extended the right hand of fellowship.

Time will not suffice to dwell upon his many amiable and noble characteristics, and yet in this presence, where

are gathered his brave comrades of the "Grand Army of the Republic," I must not fail to dwell, though but briefly, upon his patriotism, which with him was ever a passionate emotion.

In all his public life, unless we except its beautiful and pathetic end, nothing is nobler and truer than its beginning, when as a boy of eighteen he heard the call of his country and as a private followed its beckoning flag to the front. Like every act of his life, it was not an impulse born of passing enthusiasm or love of adventure, but a deliberately conceived act of patriotic duty. Only a few years before impaired health had compelled him to leave college in his junior year and he was then earning a scanty livelihood as a public school teacher. He could well plead his extreme youth, his dependent family, his impaired health.

Visiting the City of Columbus, he saw a regiment departing for the front. An unimpassioned boy, thoughtful rather than emotional, neither the spirit-stirring drum, the ear-piercing fife, or other pride, pomp or circumstance of war had any call for him. But the flag had a message for him, an imperious call to duty, and on his return home he told his mother that he must go, and that mother, with the Spartan fortitude of so many American mothers at that fateful and ever-glorious period, simply said:

> "If you think it is your duty to fight for your country, I think you should go."

Thus he joined that noble army of young men, who in the dark days of 1861 left their farms, their shops, their

counting houses, their homes, their families, to offer their lives, if need were, to save the Republic. When General Grant was the guest of honor at a great dinner in Germany, he was hailed as the "Savior of his country," to which the great commander modestly replied: "It was the young men, and not I, who saved the Republic." Again, when with failing pen he finished his memoirs, he simply dedicated the recital of glorious achievements "To the American Soldier and Sailor."

The tribute was deserved. Only He, who "counteth all our sorrows," will ever appreciate the deathless glory and infinite sacrifices of the volunteers of 1861. From Bull Run to Appomattox they struggled bravely on. To many, the Wilderness was a great Gethsemane, in which they felt "sweat as of great drops of blood;" to others, the shell-stormed streets of Gettysburg were a *via dolorosa,* which they trod to a martyr's death; to others, the heights of Fredericksburg were a Calvary, in which they repeated the infinite tragedy of the Cross.

Had young McKinley fallen as so many others, what appreciation would he have had? A sorrowing mother to ceaselessly lament him while life remained, a few comrades to decorate with each recurring spring his grave, but otherwise he would simply have joined that ghostly army, of which the Abee Perreyve writes:

> "Unseen by the corporal eyes, but too clearly visible to the mind's eye, the great army of the dead, the army of the slain, the abandoned, the forgotten; the army of cruel torture and prolonged infirmities, which pursues its fatal march behind what we call glory."

Of McKinley's fidelity as a soldier, let his commanding officer, General Hayes, speak:

> "The night was never too dark, the weather was never too cold, there was no sleet or storm, or hail or snow, that was in the way of his prompt and efficient performance of every duty."

At Antietam, Kernstown, Opequan, Fisher's Creek, Winchester and Cedar Hill, he distinguished himself by conspicuous acts of bravery, and received therefor the reward he most cherished—a commission "for gallantry and meritorious services," with the simple signature of "Abraham Lincoln."

His training as a soldier prepared him for that tragic end, than which nothing more beautiful or pathetic has happened in our history.

He had entered his second administration with the liveliest expectations of beneficent results which would surpass all that he had accomplished. At home prosperity, peace and mutual sympathy were everywhere abundant. His visits South after the Spanish-American War had forever healed the wounds of our great civil conflict. Never was there less feeling among the classes and sections, never less murmurs of discontent. Perhaps the crown of his achievements was that "era of good feeling."

Mr. Cortelyou has recently told us that at this time he often heard McKinley say with deep emotion, "I can no longer be called the President of a party; I am the President of the whole people."

In this spirit he went to Buffalo, there to realize an unconscious prediction of his own lips as to his own end. Nine years ago he had stood where I stand now, and, speaking within these walls to many now here assembled, said of the pathetic end of Grant:

> "And when he had finished that work, he laid down his pen, and, *like a good soldier,* said to his Master, 'Now, let Thy will be done, not mine.'"

*"Like a good soldier,"* McKinley faced death and accepted his tragic end. The pathos of that death has rarely been equaled. It touched as few others the great heart of the world. One can recall the sad verses of McKinley's true friend and tried counsellor, John Hay:

My short and happy day is done,
The long and lonely night comes on;
And at my door the pale horse stands
To carry me to unknown lands.

His whinny shrill, his pawing hoof,
Sound dreadful as a gathering storm,
And I must leave this sheltering roof
And joys of life so soft and warm.

Tender and warm the joys of life,
Good friends, the faithful and the true;
My rosy children and my wife,
So sweet to kiss, so fair to view.

So sweet to kiss, so fair to view—
The night comes on, the light burns blue;
And at my door the pale horse stands
To bear me forth to unknown lands.

To him was permitted, although unconsciously, a farewell to the people whom he had led to high achievement and from whom he was to be taken forever.

Like the farewell address of Washington, his last public utterance was a plea not only for a greater America, but for "peace on earth, good will among men."

> "God and man, said he, have linked the nations together. No nation can longer be indifferent to any other."

Then, with hands outstretched as if in benediction in the clear sunshine of that September day, he prayed that

> "God will graciously vouchsafe prosperity and peace to all our neighbors and like blessings to all the peoples and powers of the earth."

Such was the last public utterance of William McKinley.

On the following day, with his accustomed graciousness, the President stepped from the eminence from which he had addressed the people and stood on a level with them, extending, as their friend and brother, the right hand of fellowship to all who sought it. To old or young, rich or poor, powerful or weak, native born or foreign born, to one and all, that never-to-be-forgotten kindly glance and the genial clasp of his right hand. It was in that moment of popular triumph and overflowing good-will that a miserable wretch betrayed him with a treachery to which there is hardly a parallel in baseness since Judas Iscariot betrayed his Master with a kiss.

From the lips of the man who stood next to him, and

after the fatal shot, encircled McKinley with his arm, I have within a few days again heard the tragic tale. After the fatal bullet struck him, McKinley stood erect "like a soldier," and then, without a change in his countenance or a tremor in his voice, said to Mr. Milburn:

"Did that man shoot me."

"I fear he did, Mr. President," was the sad reply.

The President then noticed a dozen strong arms which had seized the assassin and threatened to tear him limb from limb. "Let no one harm him," the President said, calmly. No utterance could have been more characteristic. It was not maudlin sympathy, but a desire that even this base wretch should not be the victim of mob rule. Again he thus held inviolate the honor of his country and the majesty of law.

His remarkable poise may be well illustrated by the following incident: On the day before he was shot, a well-known Buffalo physician joined the long line of those who were participating in a reception to the President. As he approached the President, he said: "Mr. President, I have not come here to-day because I have any favor to ask, but because of my sincere admiration for you." On the following day the physician in question was suddenly summoned to the Exposition to attend the wounded President and was among the first to reach his bedside. As he approached the President, the latter, with his exceptional memory for faces and events, said to the physician: "Yesterday you told me that you had no favor to ask of me To-day I am not so fortunate."

Neither then nor in the few days of lingering pain which followed were any words of bitterness heard from his lips. And yet to him, with the simple faith of his fathers, there was the "kindly light," which illuminated the "encircling gloom." As bravely as he had ridden down the lines at Kernstown he faced Death, and when the end was near he simply said:

> "Good-bye; good-bye! It is God's way. His will be done."

Thus he had spoken of his great commander, Grant:

> "And when he had finished his work he laid down his pen and, like a good soldier, said to his Master, 'Now, let Thy will be done; not mine.'"

My fellow-citizens, no memorial that we can fashion with our hands can be so beautiful as the universal sorrow with which men of every race, every class, every creed, every nation, heard the tolling of the bells on that fourteenth day of September seven years ago. The world paid him the highest honor of its tears. At the hour of his interment, the giant industries of America paid him the rare tribute of their silence and the shining pathway of steel, over which his body passed to its last home amid the lamentations of the people, was strewn with fragrant flowers.

Thus it came to pass, as he would most dearly have wished, that it could be said of him, as was said of another William the Silent:

> "As long as he lived he was the guiding star of a whole brave nation, and, when he died, the little children cried in the streets."

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